ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

--------*Si Propiùs stes*

Te Capiet Magis----------

LONDON,

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TO THE

READER.

'TIs not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The Deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Conſequents of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Papiſt; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty, and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curſes enow for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their Judgment of leſs Authority againſt me. Tet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And, no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries, is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy termes: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all probability, of the beſt Judges; for, the leaſt Concern'd, are commonly the leaſt Corrupt: And, I confeſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the Satyre, (where Juſtice woud allow it) from carrying too ſharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worſt, may be Convinc'd, at their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laught at ſome mens Follies, when I coud have declaim'd againſt their Vices; and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malitious Reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you Common-wealths-men, for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to charge me for not Subſcribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a Jury to ſecure them. If you like not

my

my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Authour to judge against himself;) But, more probably, 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But, they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroique Vertues; and, David himself, coud not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I woud be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent Natures are always the most easy; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils; the Serpent, and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute; because, I coud not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Wast; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventour, who am only the Historian, I shoud certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may only be for pity. I have not, so much as an uncharitable Wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and, to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisedom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyre, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offendour, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all, If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate woud be in a Raging Fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious times, e'r Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a ſin;
When man, on many, multiply'd his kind,
E'r one to one was, curſedly, confind:
When Nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did, variouſly, impart
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal blood, the Crown did wear,
A Soyl ungratefull to the Tiller's care:

Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To Godlike *David*, ſeveral Sons before.
But ſince like ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
No True Succeſſion could their ſeed attend.
Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull ſo brave as *Abſolon:*
Whether, inſpir'd with ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his Conſcious deſtiny made way
By manly beauty to Imperiall ſway.
Early in Foreign fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States ally'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he coud remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for love.
What e'r he did was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe.
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.
With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes Nothing he deny'd,
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father coud not, or he woud not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boyling o'r:
And *Amnon*'s Murther, by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a Juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd, in *Sion* raign'd.
But Life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heaven puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews*, a Headſtrong, Moody, Murmuring race,
As ever try'd th'extent and ſtretch of grace;

God's

God's pamper'd people whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King could govern, nor no God could pleaſe;
(Gods they had tri'd of every ſhape and ſize
That God-ſmiths could produce, or Prieſts deviſe.)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted libertie;
And when no rule, no preſident was found
Of men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound,
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſboſheth* the Crown forgo;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a Generall Shout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jewes*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idoll Monarch which their hands had made.
Thought they might ruine him they could create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were randome bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull raign:
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw Seames of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight;
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They Curſt the memory of Civil Wars.
The moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The Bad found no occaſion to Rebell.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is ſtill at hand with means;

And

And providently Pimps for ill deſires:
The Good old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings.

Th' inhabitants of old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites:* the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right ----
But when the choſen people grew more ſtrong,
The rightfull cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:
Impoveriſht, and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land,
And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'r deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his Servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins* thô their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their duty, all the Learned think,
T'eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.

Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and Crude.
Some Truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with Lyes;
To pleaſe the Fools, and puzzle all the Wiſe.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all,
Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* imbrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their Taſt.
Such ſavory Deities muſt needs be good,
And ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not Introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers trade,)
Fools are more hard to Conquer than Perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd, for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew* Prieſts the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to Slay
By Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Authour ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This Plot, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For, as when raging Fevers boyl the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Flood;
And every hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'r:
So, ſeveral Factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been Great, and thrown from thence,
Like Feinds, were harden'd in Impenitence.

Some by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Power and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cuold tye.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages Curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſell fit;
Sagacious, Kold, and Turbulent of wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principle and Place;
In Power unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy Kody to decay:
And o'r inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide:
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needful hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he coud not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toyl he won,
To that unfeather'd, two Leg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did hudled Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendſhip Falſe, Implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Aſſum'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.

Not

Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With vertues only proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankneſs of the Soyl been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble ſeed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had ſtrung,
And Heaven had wanted one Immortal ſong.
But wilde Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happineſs;
Diſdain'd the Golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to ſhake the Tree.
Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes,
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crowds, with Jealoſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*:
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew fulwell,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebell.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as Warlike *Abſolon*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Crowd:

That

That Kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.

Auſpicious Prince! at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern ſky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Shuts up the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Prayer, the glad Diviners Theam,
The Young-mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days
Like one of Vertues Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our daily ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls, as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:

But,

But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you, with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loyns you ſpring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain,
And heavens Anointing Oyle had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage,
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The Shadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The Joyfull People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beach*, and blackning all the *Strand:*
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light;
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn,
(Our only bleſſing ſince his Curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtfull Succour he ſhoud uſe,
A Foreign Aid woud more Incenſe the *Jews:*
Proud *Egypt* woud diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor woud the Royal Party e'r unite
With *Pharoah*'s Arms, t'aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhoud, their Intereſt ſoon woud break,
And with ſuch odious Aid make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men by my ſucceſsfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts

From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis the general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you as Champion of the publique Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flower,
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid Power:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a Succeſſive Title, Long, and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Power, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cæleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angells Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Vertues ways;
Made Drunk with Honour, and Debauch'd with Praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Loyal Blood within him ſtrugled ſtill)
He thus reply'd ------ And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right;
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has Eſpous'd his Cauſe.
Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in Vain?

What Millions has he Pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe?
Mild, Eaſy, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Blood.
If Mildneſs Ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* Suite,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David*'s Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.
Why then ſhoud I, Encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebell, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and Rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Natures Holy Bands
Woud Curb my Spirits, and Reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and outruns Deſire.
What more can I expect while *David* lives,
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives;
And that: But there he Paus'd; then Sighing, ſaid,
Is Juſtly Deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend,
Or the *Collateral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Vertue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still Dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.

His

His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim ;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy even th' Offending Crowd will find,
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhoud I then Repine at Heavens Decree ;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty ?
Yet oh that Fate Propitiouſly Enclind,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind ;
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then Betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I Scanted by a Niggard Birth,
My Soul Diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
And made for Empire, Whiſpers me within ;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a Godlike Sin.

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Vertue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' Eternal God Supreamly Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain ;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign ?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Vertue's only given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I condemn ;
But Manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave ;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhoud People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak ?

Let

Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor;
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more Supply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy.
His faithful Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Pentioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be Naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made Obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt,
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one Suffer, than a Million grieve.
The *Jews* well know their power: e'r *Saul* they Choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and fear of future Fame;
The publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n Submitted, anſwers all.

Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to Propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who woud never dye,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; coud he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a Flock as *Iſrael*.
Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp, on which he thrums his Layes:
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And markes your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt Complains.
And like a Lyon, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep-diſſembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws;
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſuddain Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'r, and Spares;
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters teares.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford;
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,

Which

Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time;
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute woud Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.
And who can ſound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controul.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd,
Like womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not, but when he moſt affects the Frown,
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.

He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom*'s Mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride;
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high?
His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne,
And bleſt all other Countries but his own:
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;

To Head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
To farther this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Malecontents of all the *Iſraelites*,
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends, to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but Seduc'd by Impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they Crack'd the Government.
The next for Intereſt ſought t' embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne,
Pretending publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying Honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them Joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
VVho follow next, a double Danger bring,
Not only hating *David*, but the King,
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Verſt of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treaſon bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqueror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;
Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pul'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.

VVhere

Where Sanhedrin and Prieſt inſlav'd the Natio.
And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration;
For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; tho not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Power employ;
Nothing to Build and all things to Deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe, out of meer inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the Jebuſite did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long, to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long:
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drink
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who coud every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Rayling and praiſing were his uſual Theams;
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extreams:

So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laught himſelf from Court, then ſought Releif
By forming Parties, but coud ne're be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom* and wiſe *Achitophel:*
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to Reherſe
Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verſe.
Wits warriors Common-wealthſmen, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands and meer Nobles all the reſt.
And, therefore in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the Paſchal Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holy band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the Raſcall Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd-*Jonas*, who could Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, tho bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The wretch, who Heavens Annointed dar'd to Curſe.
Shimei, whoſe early Youth did Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:

Nor

Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Woud rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting Jews:
Whoſe fellow-feeling, in the godly Cauſe,
Would free the ſuffring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are only made to Puniſh thoſe,
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Power,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſimploy an hour;)
His buſineſs was, by Writing, to Perſuade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Stile he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhund the fumes of Wine.
Chaſt were his Cellars, and his Shrieval Board
The Groſsneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchen, tho his Brains were hot.

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Such

Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe,
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt Gods Providence by fire.
With Spiritual food he fed his Servants well,
But free from fleſh, that made the Jews Rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of Faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tyre a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy mettall made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What tho his Birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthy Vapours ere they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weavers iſſue, as by Princes Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Bloud.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were Godalmightys Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voyce was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saintlike Grace
A Church Vermilion, and a *Moſes*'s Face;
His Memory, miraculouſly great,
Could Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat;
Which, therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For humane Wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But, where the witneſs faild, the Prophet Spoke:

Some

Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The Spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* degree
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Memory did excel;
Which peic'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well:
And ſuited to the temper of the times;
Then groaning under Jebuſitick Crimes.
Let *Iſraels* foes ſuſpect his heav'nly call,
And raſhly judge his wit Apocryphal;
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I my ſelf in witneſs *Corahs* place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar priviledg affords;
Indulging latitude to deeds and words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s murther call,
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*.
What others in his Evidence did Joyn,
(The beſt that could be had for love or coyn,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall?
For *witneſs* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Freinds of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown,
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes:

Diſſembling Joy, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus, form'd by Nature, furniſh'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts:
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoak:
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit:
More ſlow than Hybla drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my Countrymen, your loſt Eſtate;
Tho far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a Baniſht man, for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to Arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a ſpoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And Jebuſites your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into Eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And, brib'd with petty ſumms of Forreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Freinds deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away:
But why ſhould he his own, and yours betray?
He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No Court Informer can theſe Arms accuſe,
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe,

And, tis my wiſh, the next Succeſſors Reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never Ceaſes to be ſhown
To him, who makes the peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believes their Kings oppreſs)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his Progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplaies:
And, like the Sun, the promis'd land ſurvays.
Fame runs before him, as the morning Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And Conſecrates the Place of his aboad:
But hoſpitable treats did moſt Commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy weſtern friend.
This moving Court, that caught the peoples Eyes.
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depth, and fathom where it went:
The Peoples hearts, diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And try their ſtrength, before they came to blows:
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love, and duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances;
Two names, that always cheat and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*s life
Indanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus, in a Pageant Show, a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.

Oh fooliſh *Iſrael!* never warn'd by ill,
Still the ſame baite, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health Imagine a deſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make Heirs for Monarks, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! can People give away
Both for themſelves and Sons, their Native ſway?
Then they are left Defenſleſs, to the Sword
Of each unbounded Arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtiond can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet, if the Crowd be Judge of fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bard:
If thoſe who gave the Scepter, coud not tye
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then coud *Adam* bind his future Race?
How coud his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how coud heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who nere conſented to our Fathers fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they Command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
That Pow'r, which is for Property allowd,
Is miſcheivouſly ſeated in the Crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſly as the few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?

Nor

Nor only Crowds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd crimes.
If they may Give and Take when e'r they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the Godheads Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures ſtate; where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What Prudent men a ſetled Throne woud ſhake?
For whatſoe'r their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other Errors but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark:
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The Tampering World is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their Diſeaſe into a worſe.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatall 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the Madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and Naming is to praiſe.

In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:

Long ſince, the riſing Rebells he withſtood
In Regions Waſte, beyond the *Jordans* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſters Fate:
In Exile with his Godlike Prince he Mourn'd;
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chooſe,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Iſſue boaſt:
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Eldeſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatcht in Manhoods prime
By' unequal Fates, and Providences crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the Time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy Matchleſs Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, Infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And Haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh Unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpuniſh'd never coud withſtand!
But *Iſrael* was unworthy of thy Birth;
Short is the date of all Immoderate Worth.
It looks as Heaven our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now, free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:

From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring
To aid the guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul ſhe ſhould have fled before;
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this Verſe
To hang on her departed Patron's Herſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another *He*,
Another he would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadock the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Power and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul and noble Stem;
Him of the Weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebell was to Arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws,
Who beſt cou'd plead and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend:
Sharp judging *Adriel* the Muſes friend,
Himſelf a Muſe---In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of ready wit and pregnant thought,
Indew'd by nature, and by learning taught
To move Aſſemblies, who but onely try'd
The worſe awhile, then choſe the better ſide;

Nor

Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can doe.
Huſhai the friend of *David* in diſtreſs,
In publick ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs;
By foreign treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting Throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when Exchequers flow,
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Soveraign power is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell, or Crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more my weary Muſe,
For *Amiel*, who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title great:
The Sanhedrin long time as chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon guided and their Paſſion coold;
So dexterous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nation's Senſe,
That as their band was *Iſrael*'s Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher Charioteers the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Carriers his ſteady Skill commend:
They like th'unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons and miſtake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toyls.

Theſe were the chief, a ſmall but faithful Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th'united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerful Engines bent,
To batter down the lawful Government.

A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſour from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witneſſes improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound:
That no Conceſſions from the Throne woud pleaſe,
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That falſe *Achitophel*'s pernitious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to Ruine Church and State:
The Councill violent, the Rabble worſe
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving, in his carefull Breaſt,
Th' event of things; at laſt his patience tir'd,
Thus from his Royal Throne by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke: with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age,
So much the Father did the King aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend:
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though Manly tempers can the longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not Good by Force.

Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my Young *Samſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
Poor pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the Height his Frame coud bear:
Had God ordain'd his fate for Empire born,
He woud have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriots name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that would by Law deſtroy his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e're he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Would *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government,
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my Leave a future King to chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they Petition me t' approve their Choiſe,
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuite ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to Secure they take my Power away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heaven preſerve my years,
But Save me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot Grant ſo much as they can Crave.

What

What then is left but with a Jealous Eye
To guard the Small remains of Royalty?
The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peacefull Sway,
And the ſame Law teach Rebels to Obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crowds have power to Puniſh e're they Prove:
For Gods, and Godlike Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to Defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh that my Power to Saving were confin'd:
Why am I forc'd, like Heaven, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh curſt Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They coud not be content to look on Grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terror of her Front, and Dye.
By their own arts 'tis Righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will Swear,
Till Viper-like their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuck for Nutriment that bloody gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Belzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall do me Right:
Nor doubt th' event: for Factious crowds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage;
Then, let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe,
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:

But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driven back, at length it ſtands the ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty, nodding, gave Conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the Godlike *David* was Reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

FINIS.